

THE  
Johnson Journal

**19-29**



January, 1929

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# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. VI A

JANUARY

NO. 2

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## EDITORIAL



“Choose your books as you would your friends”, is a trite and true saying. We do not usually pick our friends for what they look like, but for what they are. We like friends who stand back of us and of whom we can speak often and with pride. Are these not good qualities to look for in books?

There is much time wasted in reading stories and books which add nothing to our intellect; often destroy our sense of values, and lessen our judgment and our ability to choose good books. Read a few worthwhile books, note the difference between these two groups, then continue the good work started.

January 21—25 was a busy week at Johnson, full of regrets for the past, hard work for the present, and resolutions for the future. May the number be few who have learned, “Security is mortal’s chiefest enemy.

Cheer up! Remember finals are only twenty weeks away.



## LITERARY



### “ONLY BY A MIRACLE”

Ellen McNary sat in her wheel-chair. Forty-three; that was young to have done with life. Perhaps forty years from now she'd be sitting watching Sarah Ann drag her carpet slippers across the kitchen floor, the floor that Ellen had never failed to sweep each morning before that day she had stumbled over old “Smoke” and tumbled headlong, down the cellar stairs. Superstitiously, she had never liked black cats but Fred had brought it home, a three-weeks-old kitten, some twelve years ago. That had been one of his little surprises. All of his surprises during their marriage had been like that, she reflected for the thousandth time, things that he liked and that disturbed the routine of her well-run home. All, that is, except his last. Nearly eleven years ago it was since that June night when he had announced his enlistment. He'd gone the next morning and he had insisted on saying “Goodbye” at the station. She remembered how provoked she had been. Her bread, left to rise, would be sour before she returned home. It had been with a sigh of relief that she had watched his train pull out. Peace and serenity for a while, she had thought. And when the telegram had come reporting him “missing”, that relief had deepened.

Sarah Ann trailed in and over to the window. Ellen McNary's eyes followed her meal-bag figure. Perhaps a yard away from Sarah Ann's foot a ray of sunlight ended itself on the spotless linoleum. Something glittered. Ellen's housewifely eyes caught its gleam. “Sarah,” she said, crisply, “a common pin, near your foot. Pick it up.”

Mildly, Sarah Ann surveyed the kitchen at large, saw “nary” a speck of dust, and privately thinking Mrs. McNary a bit too fussy, apologized, and trailed out.

Ellen McNary stared at the pin. Every one of her instincts compelled her to put it neatly in the blue gingham pin-cushion. Resolutely, she turned her eyes from it. What had she been thinking of when Sarah interrupted? Oh, yes, the day that Fred went; she'd run things without distraction from then until old “Smoke” got in her way. She'd always believed black cats were bad luck anyway. She lived again those long days she had spent in bed and then the famous surgeon's verdict, “She will never walk again.” And his added words to give his patient hope, “That is, unless some miracle should occur.” Silently,

Ellen McNary had accepted her fate, for in the drowsy town of Ridgefield what miracle could happen?

Uneasily, her glance sought the sunbeam. A rhyme repeated itself over and over, "See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck." Again she dragged her eyes back; this time to the month-old newspaper on her lap. Idly she scanned it and slowly her gaze concentrated on a small picture. "Arrested on fifth drunken charge" was the title of the article that accompanied it. Slowly her mind absorbed the words. "The man, who was Fred McNally," it stated, "had been unable to raise bail and had been sentenced to thirty days of hard labor." There was no mistaking it. If the pictured likeness were not proof enough there was the name: Fred McNally, so like his own. Curiously she felt no excitement, no surprise; only a quiet acceptance of a fact it seemed as though she had always known. Fred had not died in France. Her tranquility had been too good to be true. Wearily she sighed. Evidently his money was gone, "A fool and his money—", she thought, and the proverb reminded her of another, "See a pin, See a pin and pick it up—". The clock ticked off the words. She brought her thoughts back to her husband. With his money spent he would be sure to return home, as another of his surprises. Just one month since the paper was printed. Then it was only too likely that he would come today. Mentally, she had a vision of fishing-tackle strewn on tables and clothing thrown across the backs of chairs. And yet, somehow, she didn't feel great anger toward him; only a vague regret for the inevitable.

That pin! It lay there, denying with its presence all the scrupulous neatness of the room. "Not a pin out of its place" was the homely phrase that came to her mind.

Very deliberately, Ellen McNary arose on those legs that the eminent surgeon had declared she would never use again. gingerly, she stepped from her chair and almost swiftly she crossed the distance between it and the sunbeam. There she bent, picked up the pin, and thrust it through the immaculate collar of her gown. Then, for a moment she went weak. The floor swayed toward her and receded. A smile of calm satisfaction disclosing her clenched teeth, she painstakingly traversed the bright linoleum back to her chair. Once in it, she settled back and closed her eyes. As she fingered the pin she almost chuckled. "Fool doctor," she thought.

Then she heard the door behind her open. So he'd come. The pin hadn't changed her luck. She swung her chair about, and with a curious regard for details, took in the scene. Fred's soiled shirt and his none-too-clean hands. Probably two or three days since he had shaved and his expression was that of a small boy bursting with importance. From him she looked to

Sarah Ann. That faithful body's eyes travelled from the woman in the chair to the man at her side. There was a look of expectancy on her round face. Ellen McNary hesitated, then her old-fashioned courtesy asserted itself. Again she rose and stepped from her chair. Sarah Ann screamed, and then whispered, brokenly, "There!....you see....he said....a miracle!"

And Ellen McNary, deserting her habitual reserve, laughed aloud.....

E. H. '30

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### AN ATROCITY ON THE HIGH SEAS

Captain James Smith, one of the most famous pirates of the seventeenth century was about to commit one more of his outrageous piracies along the African coast. The top mast of a galley, far to the west, was seen coming above the horizon. Captain James Smith through the influence of his ghastly deeds had been made leader of a notorious band of pirates. He had lately captured a three-masted galleon, propelled by sixty oarsmen, in which he and his band of pirates were now sailing in search of prey. He had the reputation of one of the most blood-thirsty and relentless pirates who had swept the seas.

As he viewed the oncoming ship and contemplated the bloody slaughter ahead, his crafty smile was enough to make one turn away with abhorrence. He ordered the helmsman to steer so that their course would, within an hour and a half, cross the path of their victim.

On the other ship the sight of another galley aroused only ordinary interest, because a Spanish flag, a part of the pirate ship's disguise, was not uncommon in that region. To complete the deception only a few pirates, dressed as merchantmen, remained on deck.

The large trader realized its fatal mistake only when the pirate ship was but a few feet away and the pirates, swarming to the deck, boarded it.

Ninety inexperienced fighters may be a match for any hundred men, but when they are up against one hundred pirates, armed to the teeth with pistols, knives, and swords, the odds are all against them. Thirty of them were cut down the first instant while only two pirates were killed, and in the next minutes only ten men of the trader, including the captain, were left. One of the men appeared to be gaining the best of his three adversaries until the cruel pirate captain happened on the scene and amused himself by hacking off the limbs of the unfortunate victim.

It proved to be a very profitable fight for the pirates, for aboard the captured ship was a million dollars worth of gold bricks bound for Spain.

After transferring all the cargo and the captain, who was held as a prisoner, the pirate chief burned the trader's ill-fated boat which acted as a funeral pyre for the dead and an awful death for the other eight men who had been tied to a mast.

Captain James Smith, amidst the revelry and rejoicing of the pirates, was preparing to make their prisoner walk the plank when a feminine voice was heard.

"Stop playing pirates, Jimmy, and get me a loaf of bread down at Mulligan's grocery store."

M. C. '30

---

#### MY FIRST FOURTH OF JULY AND THE FOURTH OF JULY IN 1928.

Last Fourth of July I dreamed of the first one I had witnessed. I was then only about four years old, a noise-loving youngster. I had the fireworks which I had spent all my savings to buy, besides the ones my mother had already bought. After a day of impatient waiting, darkness finally came. What a grand time I had with my sky-rockets, Roman candles, pin-wheels, and all sorts of noise-makers. After I had finished setting them off, I was just in time to go to the municipal park to see the city's celebration of the anniversary of our independence. At last I went home, tired and smelling as though I had fought in a battle, but satisfied with the day's work making noise.

What a contrast between that holiday and the Fourth of July in 1928. While I was visiting in Paris, the only thing I had to remind me of it was a few scattered displays of the Stars and Stripes. Here there were a few street urchins jabbering in French what they were going to do on the fourteenth of July, a similar holiday to our Fourth. The people walked about little aware of the great celebration taking place on the other side of the Atlantic. The noisy Parisian taxis darted about, but I didn't hear them, for I was dreaming, dreaming of my first Fourth of July.

R. D. '29

#### SCHOOL NEWS *and* NOTES

A short entertainment was given in the assembly hall, Wednesday morning, November 29, in honor of Schubert's 100th anniversary.

Schubert's Hark! Hark! the Lark was played on the violin by Miss Elsa Heider.

Miss Frances Watnick gave a piano solo, Schubert's Serenade.

F. W. '30

---

Johnson High School was fortunate in having a visit from Mr. Lees of the Curtis Publishing Company this year. Mr. Lees came to give us the opportunity of earning a few dollars for our school. After giving a short talk on salesmanship, he outlined his plan. For each subscription to any magazines of the Curtis Publishing Company the school was to receive fifty cents. If ninety percent of the pupils in the school sold one magazine apiece, the school was to receive sixty cents instead of fifty. Furthermore, if ninety percent of the pupils in any home room received one subscription, that home room was to receive sixty cents.

Clifford Gillespie was appointed General Manager; two sales managers were chosen for the two teams which had been named the red and the green.

During the week the competition was close; the red team ahead first, then the green. On the last day, the red team got busy and won. The result was that the school earned forty dollars.

S. McC. '29

---

During the week before the holidays the students at Johnson High took part in the Annual Christmas Seal drive, the proceeds of which go to the Tuberculosis Hospitals.

This year we set a new mark by selling 3,130 stamps. Our quota was 3,000, the same as last year. We record the sale by rooms: Room 18 sold 750; Room 8 was second with 625; Room 10, third, selling 555. Rooms 6 and 12 tied by selling 500 each; Room 13 sold 200.

R. D. R. '32

---

On Thursday, January 10, the Sophomore Cooking Class tendered a luncheon to four members of the faculty: Miss Cutler, Miss Lang, Miss Green, and Miss Veva Chapman. Miss Helen Phelan and Miss Helen Scanlon acted as hostess and assistant-hostess, respectively. The waitresses were Miss Rosalie Walsh and Miss Kathrine Phelan. The table was daintily decorated with place cards and a centerpiece of lavender and yellow flowers.

The luncheon consisted of:

Potato Salad  
 Rolls      Pickles  
 Pineapple Pudding  
 Vanilla Wafers  
 Tea

E. H. '30

One of the events which held interest for the students of Johnson High this semester was a visit from Mr. Risley of Burdett College. He spoke on a subject which was highly interesting to the students, the "Road to Success". We all fully realized, or ought to, after Mr. Risley's efforts, that there are certain responsibilities falling to every student who wishes to "get somewhere". Mr. Risley left some small pamphlets containing nine steps of responsibility. They are:

1. I won't.	I won't is a tramp.
2. I can't.	I can't is a quitter.
3. I don't know.	I don't know is too lazy.
4. I wish I could.	I wish I could is a wisher.
5. I might.	I might is waking up.
6. I'll try.	I'll try is on his feet.
7. I can.	I can is on his way.
8. I will.	I will is at work.
9. I did.	I did is now the "boss".

D. C. '32

A very enjoyable dinner party was given on Friday, January 11, by the Senior cooking class, with Misses Adela Dainowski and Elsa Heider as hostesses. The guests were Miss Sargent, Mr. Hayes, Miss Case, and Miss Haven.

The table was attractively decorated in green and yellow. The menu was:

Fruit Cup  
 Shrimp Wiggle  
 Mashed Potatoes      Buttered Carrots  
 Rolls      Butter  
 Cream Puff with Chocolate Sauce  
 Coffee

Flowers were presented as favors to the guests by the hostesses.

The waitresses were Ruth Putnam and Ruth Bode.

A. D. '29

Friday evening, January 11, the Sophomore and Junior classes entertained the Seniors at a dancing party. The hall was beautifully decorated in gold, red and blue. Music was furnished by Schesser's Orchestra.

Refreshments were served during the intermission. The party was under the management of the Sophomore and Junior classes.

C. S. '30

One day last term Mr. Reiss, known as Uncle Billy, gave us a health talk in which he urged the eating of celery and carrot tops, milk, skins of baked potatoes for health, vitality, long life, and wisdom.

It was a very humorous talk and one we will not easily forget.

Try an Uncle Billy salad for your next luncheon.

R. B. '31



## ATHLETICS



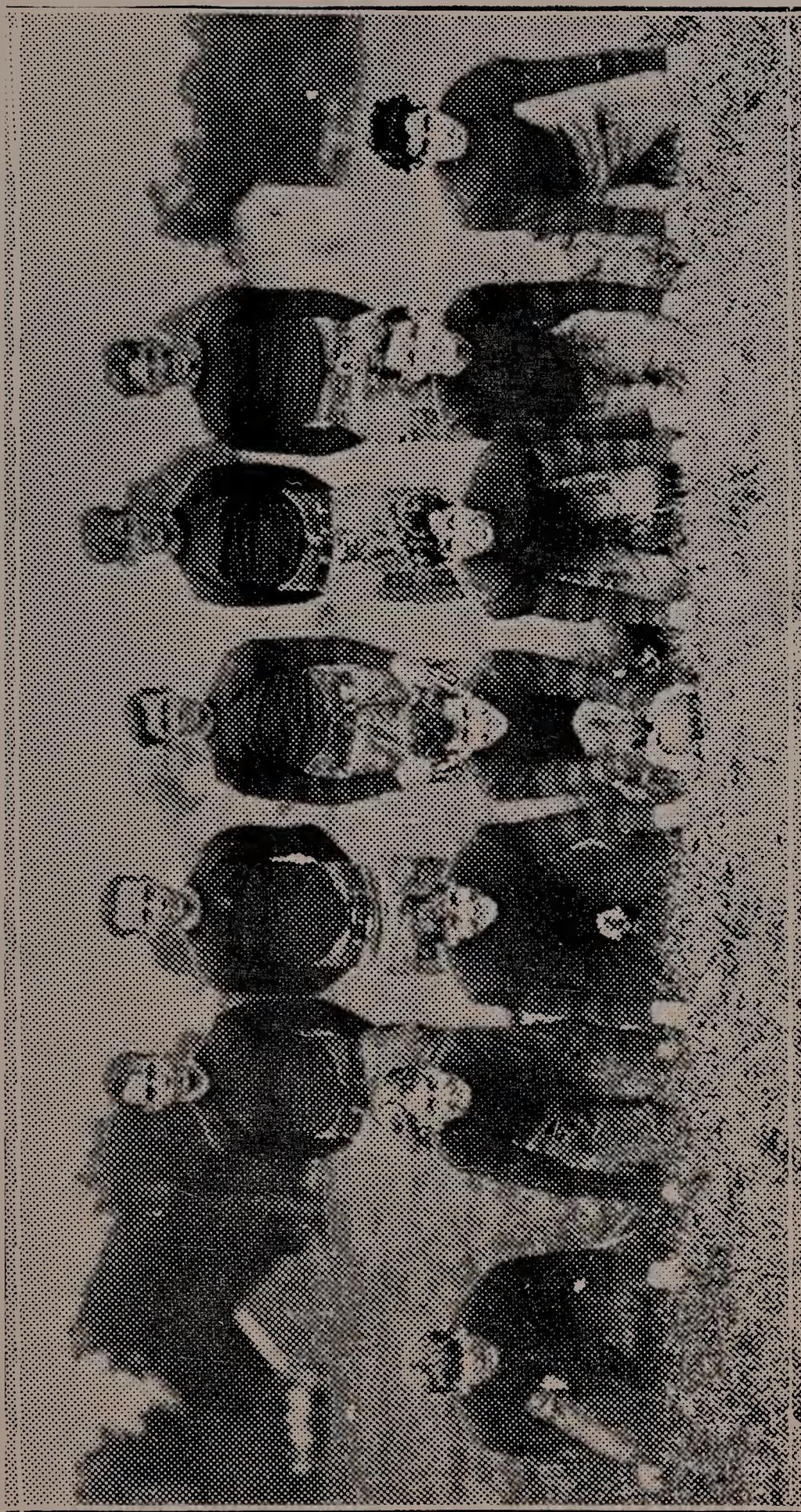
Ralph Stork has been elected captain of next year's eleven.

Mr. Hayes called out the material for the boys' basketball team December 7. Almost twenty-five responded. The team is to be made up of practically all new material.

Driscoll, center; Don. Neil, right forward; Doug. Neil, left forward; Ed. Galaher, right guard; Stillwell, left guard. Subs: Hawkes and Donlan.

### SCHEUDLE FOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Dec.	19	Alumni	Home
Jan.	4	Chelmsford	Home
Jan.	9	Methuen	Home
Jan.	11	Billerica	Billerica
Jan.	16	Manning	Ipswich
Jan.	18	Wilmington	Home
Jan.	23	Woodbury	Salem, N. H.
Jan.	25	Littleton	Home
Jan.	26	Methuen	Methuen
Jan.	30	Manning	Home
Feb.	1	Westford Acad.	Westford
Feb.	6	Groveland	Home
Feb.	8	Chelmsford	Chelmsford
Feb.	15	Billerica	Home
Feb.	20	Wilmington	Wilmington
Mar.	5	Littleton	Littleton
Mar.	8	Westford	Home
Mar.	12	Groveland	Groveland



*Courtesy of Lawrence Telegram*

BACK ROW, Right to left: Capt. Galaher, Neville, Donovan, Fletcher, and Cote.

FRONT ROW: Right to left: Phelan, Ratcliff, Kelley, Donlan, Covell, Dehullu, and Albrecht.



Miss Amazeen called for basketball material for the girls' team immediately after the Thanksgiving vacation. A large number of girls responded, including the four veterans Captain C. Broderick, Mildred Schruender, Marian Glennie, and Marion McGregor. The team will be built around these four. Miss Amazeen is also developing class teams.

### SCHEDULE FOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Dec. 19	Alumnae	Home
Jan. 4	Chelmsford	Home
Jan. 8	Methuen	Home
Jan. 10	Punchard	Home
Jan. 18	Wilmington	Home
Jan. 23	Woodbury	Salem
Jan. 29	Punchard	Andover
Feb. 1	Westford	Home
Feb. 6	Groveland	Home
Feb. 8	Chelmsford	Chelmsford
Feb. 12	Woodbury	Home
Feb. 20	Wilmington	Wilmington
Mar. 8	Westford	Westford
Mar. 12	Groveland	Groveland



### EXCHANGES



“The Blue and White”, Methuen.

A good literary department; your poems are good.

“Lawrence High School Bulletin”, Lawrence.

A very good publication. An interesting literary department.

“The Red and White”, Sanford, Maine.

We liked your editorial on outside reading.

“The Live Wire”, Groveland.

“The Lawrencian”, Lawrence.



### JOKES



In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency and a cocatinated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations.

Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremediated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious veracity, without rodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllable profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double extendies, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely. Keep from "slang", don't put on airs. Say what you mean, mean what you say, and don't use big words.

---

### "OUR MOVIE BOX"

"The Fleet's In"	The Freshmen
"The Terror"	The Faculty
"The Magnificent Flirt"	"Pat" Boyle
"The Mysterious Lady"	Verna Cass
"Two Flaming Youths"	Paddy and Donny
"Service for Ladies"	Malcolm Choate
"My Best Girl"	"Trigger" Michlun

---

Miss Cutler: "What is a pedestrian?"

Don. Neil: "Why, simple, a pedestrian is a man who has failed to keep up the payment on his car."

---

Mother: "Sam Osgood, when you divided those seven pieces of candy with your sister did you give her four?"

Sam: "No, mom. I knew they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one before I began to divide."

---

"Have you any ready cash, Kelley?"

"No, sir, I have cash, Neville, but it ain't ready to leave me yet."

---

Thompson: "Didja see that girl smile at me?"

Donovan: "Yeh, she must be a stranger in town."

---

Miss Fitzgerald: "Why did you break with Bill?"

Miss Greenwood: "I told him he just must quit spending so much money on me and he did."

---

Miss Lawler: Last night Rudolf asked me to marry him and make him the happiest man in the world."

Miss Crowley: "Which are you going to do?"

---

"Jerry's certainly an optimist."

"How so?"

"Whenever he doesn't have a date he just drives up to the nearest apartment house and honks his horn."

---

"Another Magician," sighed the cop as a tourist turned a flivver into a lamppost.

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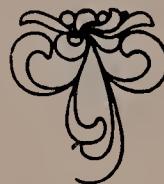
Gillespie: "What do you do when a girl tells you she has a date and hasn't one?"

Doug. Neil: "Take her sister out and spend a lot of money on her."

---

"Darling," he cried covering her little hands with kisses, "can't you see that I love you?"

"Well," she said, "I should hate to think this was just your way of behaving in company."



---

**C & J**  
GINGER ALE  
**CURRAN and JOYCE**  
LAWRENCE MASS.

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PUT TWO OF YOUR ASH CANS OUT OF A JOB  
BY BURNING OUR

# CLEER COAL

1-3 MORE HEAT      2-3 LESS ASH

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LAWRENCE

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SMITH & COUTTS CO.  
Printers

DAVID L. COUTTS, Pres. and Treas.

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COIN and CURRENCY BAGS  
MAILING BAGS

Producers of  
PRINTING, ENGRAVING  
DIE STAMPING

35 MAIN STREET, ANDOVER

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**Rubber Raincoats - Rubber Footwear - "Keds" - Oil Slickers**

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**Textile Machinery**

**and**

**Card Clothing**

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**Complete Line of High Grade  
Sporting Goods**

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**BASKETBALL**

**FOOTBALL**

**TRACK EQUIPMENT**

**TENNIS**

**GOLF**

**WINTER SPORTS      SPORTS CLOTHING**

---

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**582 ESSEX ST.**

**DIAL 5115**

**25 BROADWAY**

**LAWRENCE, MASS.**

**THE HOUSE THAT STANDS FOR QUALITY**

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**Compliments of**

**BROADWAY SAVINGS BANK**

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**LAWRENCE, MASS.**

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RADIOS**

**ED. McINNES  
Proprietor**

**RAILROAD SQUARE**

**Tel. 21717**

**Compliments of**

**GLENNIE'S MILK**

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**M. T. STEVENS SONS CO.,**

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Woolen and Worsted Manufacturers

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**A. B. SUTHERLAND & CO.**

LARGEST STORE IN LAWRENCE

Fully equipped at all times with the best merchandise  
the country produces

**Best Values on all lines obtainable**

**A. B. SUTHERLAND CO.**

LAWRENCE

MASSACHUSETTS

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# Northeastern



# University

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In co-operation with engineering firms, offers five year curriculums leading to the Bachelor's degree in the following branches of engineering:

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**Chemical Engineering**  
**Electrical Engineering**  
**Industrial Engineering**  
**Mechanical Engineering**

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine theory with practice and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

Students admitted in either September or January may complete the scholastic year before the following September.

*For catalog or further information write to:*

**NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY**

MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions  
Boston, Massachusetts

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Every undergraduate of Johnson High School should graduate if possible before considering a course at the Lawrence Commercial School.

EDWARD D. MCINTOSH, *Principal*

## LAWRENCE COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

316 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE, MASS.

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A YOUNG man without a small Bank Account  
seldom becomes an old man with a big Bank  
Account.

## Bay State National Bank

THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN LAWRENCE

Founded 1847

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SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

## CAMPBELL'S FLOWER SHOP

BAY STATE BUILDING

LAWRENCE

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T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

FURNITURE

284 Essex Street

LAWRENCE, MASS

Compliments of

BETSY ROSS

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formed by the boy or girl, is of invaluable service in later life resulting in happiness and prosperity.

*One dollar starts an account*

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SAVE WHAT YOU CAN  
BUT SAVE BY A PLAN

BEGIN OR RENEW  
STEADY SAVING

Each week push a little further  
along the road that leads to the  
accomplishment of your aims,  
by regularly depositing

IN AN ACCOUNT WITH

## LAWRENCE SAVINGS BANK

255 ESSEX STREET  
Cor. City Hall Square

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(Graduate of J. H. S., Class of '78)